

DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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The Cruise of a Drifted Boat.

By WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.

CHAPTER III.

This wondrous episode in my life seemed inexorably closed. So great a hold had Marcelle taken upon me that the future looked as cold as the icy river on which I pulled away in the return from my visit. Were it not that matters of business, especially the matter of my finding a situation in the world, began almost at once to move very actively, I should have been in the depths of despair.

The place on the paper down Red Bank way fell through; the editor wrote me apologetically that there was to be no vacancy after all. Contrary to his expectation when he had encouraged me to wait, it had seemed but to continue the actual incumbent.

This blow, however, was soon followed by what I esteemed a brilliant success. Instead of the country paper, I was taken on to the staff of one of the best journals of New York, one of the great metropolitan dailies. My application had been lying there, apparently neglected, for almost a year. It was a modest place, laborious, with the work lasting pretty much all night, but I took it with a grim apathy. I had my foot on the first round of the ladder, and this should lead to fame and fortune—and the opportunity to do something for the destiny of Marcelle, even though she should wish to reject it. Even the Bonwells were impressed with this fine opening and from that time on showed a change of manner.

I lodged far up town, and in the metropolitan way spent hours in the going and coming. I acquired the grave pallor of workers by night and was proud of it. The floors vibrated under my feet with the rumbling presses of Printing House Square, and I tried to fancy they were sending as it were dynamic high potency currents into me, to be stored up for the conquest of the future.

And then, in the very midst of that—in the way of a chronicle of eventful happenings—what think you took place? If I gave you a million guesses, you would not hit it. Why, it was no less than this: The editor of the country paper, regretting my disappointment with him, as it was partly his fault, tried to throw a piece of work in my way. It had been brought into his office, and he had been asked to select somebody to do it, and he selected me.

He said I must see the party interested not later than Thursday. He did not know I was yet placed; his letter went to the Atlantic Highlands, which caused delay, and it was already Thursday when I got it, and well along on Thursday morning.

The work was nothing less than to put in literary shape, the memoranda furnished by the magnate, Jacob Malbury, for a history of his valuable life in one of Lemuel Zwink's Eureka Series of Cross-roads—No, Township—Biographies.

I threw everything else to the winds, made frantic speed to the docks, and just caught the Sea Gull, the small white steamboat, plying her regular course down the North Shrewsbury to Red Bank. There was no more winter now; the season of genial weather was well established; there were some commuters on board, already going to their country homes, and the sail down the Bay and along the river, is a pretty and pleasant one.

So I was to write up the life and miracles of Jacob Malbury? Oh, if I could tell the truth about the egregious tyrant, I would make a biography, indeed. I must do this work, so as to bring me into contact with Marcelle, and I must contrive to spin it out as long as possible.

While I was musing upon these things and we were gliding past the shores, just about there where a city capitalist had added to his estate by redeeming a large expanse of sedge land.

Slam! Bang!

We were in collision with the tug "Buster," hurrying the other way, and were brought to a standstill.

We had a big hole stove in for-

ward, but fortunately mostly above the water line. Twenty feet of our guard-rail was torn away; there was a lot of shattered glass, and there were shrieking women and a few wounded. Those who knew something of "First Aid to the Injured," myself among them, for I chanced to have taken a brief course in this subject, came to the front with their resources.

It was on towards dark night before we were out of all this and could land and get away somewhere. I had lost my appointment and there was no help for it. It was too late then to reach Jacob Malbury, and even if it were not it was absolutely necessary for me to be back in town, under penalty of endangering my valued new situation. I telegraphed him and then hurried down there the next day, hoping still to be in time.

And happily I was in time; the job was found to be still open to me. I was just at the front door—how audacious of me it seemed to be there, thus openly, under the high-columned white portico!—when said door opened of itself, and there was Marcelle just coming out. So surprised was she that she somehow tripped in the step downward from the platform, and I had to put out my arms to catch her.

That involuntary embrace, that moment of delightful contact, I shall never forget if I live a thousand years. Marcelle did not share the agreeable impression; she looked vexed, and said:

"What is the meaning—Isn't this quite bold and—and—imprudent?"

In rapid words I explained the situation to her, made her understand the business on which I had come. This was scarcely done when Mrs. Lathwick appeared, and on my inquiry for Jacob Malbury, led me to his presence.

Neither then nor at any other time did she show recollection of having ever seen me before.

His manner was high and pompous, but he seemed to relish the idea of having his affair in the hands of an editor from one of the great New York papers. He produced the notes for his biography, and we soon came to terms—indeed he could have prepared no terms whatever that I could not have come to. I was to take away the material and to report to him from time to time as the work progressed. He had a certain gift of gab in public, but for all his bumptious self-conceit, he was not capable of putting two sentences together properly for print.

Encouraged by me to the full, he lingered so long over the said material that it was lunch-time; and I was invited to share the meal.

I sat nearly opposite Marcelle, and drank in her charming, pensive beauty. Though I have dwelt upon the point that she was older than I, yet there always seemed a touch of youthful delicacy about her features. There was something about her that suggested the head of a lovely child set upon the body of a gracious woman. Little conversation marked the feast. Malbury was self-sufficient and overbearing, Marcelle was indifferent and distrustful, and Mrs. Lathwick was timidly retiring.

Thus I was briefly installed as a sort of Literary Secretary to Jacob Malbury. I found a lodging in the town, sacrificed my hours for sleep, and managed to be there a part of almost every day. I spun out my occupation, making all the delays I could, I cast and recast the notes and the language, led on my vain-glorious patron into side issues and endless reminiscences and fooled him to the top of his bent.

It was a fearful and wonderful piece of work I made of these simple annals of complete mediocrity, the non-committal account I forced myself to give of this hard task-master and false philanthropist. I suppose I ought to have been ashamed of doing it, but, after all, my name did not appear in it and I could not conceive of anybody's ever reading the contents of these new Plutarch's Lives, the Eureka Series of Township Biographies.

The hero of this story was born; he was one of various children. Out of school-time he hoed potatoes and carried grain to the mill. It was a time that called for the rearing of men of rugged manners, without, as we might say, effete polish of surface. Wonderful are the ways of Destiny: the boy of fourteen

enters the employ of a neighbor who conducts a prosperous grocery-store—Note how "conducts" is many degrees more elegant than simply "keeps." His one gospel was Work; he had no leaning to idle pleasures. This, I reflected, would have greatly pleased the Bonwells. He was never led astray by emotionalism. Upon such foundations rest future—ahem! rest the future. Call it fate, call it what you will, there is a tide in the affairs of men that, etc. In a few short years he transferred his budding energies to a real estate office, and in the wide opportunities of this extensive field he found his abiding, life long, congenial work.

Thus or thereabouts ran some of the gems of this eminent narrative. How he went on to sit in the seats of the mighty, it is also told, as leading director in a stove-works, a fertilizer company, a savings-bank, and the many charitable institutions. "Upon the permanent invalidism of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Charlotte Rollins," reads one portion of the chronicle, this part supplied verbatim by himself, "being called to this charge, he administered the estate with notable efficiency."

I lingered on this point, and used art in trying to draw from him more ample details on the subject, hoping to find out something that might be of use to Marcelle. But it was in vain, he would not. I inclined to the belief that the malicious tongues were right in his case, and—as after his death it proved to be—he had wrought upon the weakness of his sister-in-law, during her last illness, and sequestered her property for himself.

My insidious plan to be near Marcelle resulted, in fact, in a considerable bettering of our acquaintance. My employer kept me by a very short tether, it is true, but there were happy accidents of meeting; a brief word with her now and then, in corridor or garden, and even some full and friendly conversations. And apart from this her presence, for me, pervaded the house and all its surroundings. I could hear her piano tinkling in her room up stairs; and once I saw her working at the frescoing of the sun-dial, which had been delayed and was now approaching completion. Mrs. Lathwick, the housekeeper, chaperoned her, and was patiently holding her brushes.

All that Marcelle did, all that I saw of her, in this time, but fixed and increased my admiration of her. Fervent words to express it often reached to my lips, but I prudently kept them there. As to persuading her to any change in her way of existence, my influence was absolutely nil. The ideal she seemed to have adopted for herself was that of the Eastern nirvana, a state of passive peace, she had set upon her life of hermit-like seclusion for evermore.

Lemuel Zwink was now often about the place, having a call to be there on the business errand and also on account of his relationship to Mrs. Lathwick. Never abashed in any presence, he conferred his bustling person and his dry jesting upon all freely. He saluted me as "Pard," and inquired after the health of my folks up at the Highlands.

"Say, I'm a good mixer; I'm used to talking to all kinds of people," said he, bestowing on me a bit of his confidence. Besides the write-up you're doing for the old man, I should'n't wonder if I got him for one or two of the All Americas—the real-oil portraits, you know. He's close," he threw back over his shoulder with a wink, "but maybe some of them charity institutions will put up for him."

To Mrs. Lathwick, his half-sister, he directed much bantering enology. "I want you to understand," he would say, "that Mrs. Lathwick is the salt of the earth, and she'd make a first-class subject for one of them biographies herself." Whereat a blush would mantle the wan cheek of the good woman and she would return some deprecating reply, or none, to shun the attention turned upon her in this way.

Lemuel Zwink seemed to take rather especial pains to have funny stories and quips and cranks for Marcelle, as if he felt it a kind of duty to cheer her up in her sadness.

"I've brought you the latest," said he. "Ever hear that one about the man that had a crow in his barn,

and his barn burned down, and he says—'and so forth and so forth.'"

I don't know but I was grateful to the rough-and-ready Agent for this attitude, and yet there was a small uneasiness too. I wondered if by chance he was presuming on account of the story he had heard at our home? If he was encouraged in an overbold familiarity because she had run away?

On the last day of my visits there, when my work was done—for with my best efforts I could keep it going no longer—I saw them together, in the grounds. I heard Zwink asking as they disappeared through the underwood, "Ever hear that one about 'Why is a church-bell like a politician?'" while she greeted his effort with a rippling laugh.

Now this is trivial to tell, but it gave me a certain disagreeable jar. Was Marcelle one of those that would treat equally well any and all, who promised to relieve a little tedium of her existence? Was I, having served my turn, to be replaced acceptably by this uncouth fellow?

Another thing that gave me a small disagreeable impression, in the first day that followed my leaving Marcelle, again presumably for good, was the thought of that "youngish sort of gardener" of the story of the flight, the so-called elopement.

Who and what was that young gardener? and where was he now? Was he living nearby and was he in the habit of relating the adventure from time to time to any listener who might casually be interested? This thought rankled. Of course, he was still alive. Persons are not given to dropping out of the world for the mere convenience of those to whom their continued existence may not be welcome. Experience of life shows, if anything, that it is quite the other way round.

Ocean Grove and Herman Way and Mount Tabor Cottage, those names kept running in my head. If the young man's mother had lived there, that was the place to go and get news of him. There was no obstacle in the way of my going there, and, besides, the great camping-meeting summer city by the sea was said to be one of the curious sights of the country, a sight typically American.

The omnibus from the railroad station took me through the midst of it. It was not so ephemerally built as I had supposed. Besides the many streets of tents, there were other streets of solid construction. In the tents were little tables with lamps, and partitions of cretonne, and men in shirt-sleeves and women in curl-papers. And there were shops of oriental goods, and piers, and a little lake with boats on it, and wide stretches of sand dark with bathers. And there was a temple and a tabernacle and a great auditorium, open on all sides to the greenery of a grove; and the air was vibrant with a dull hum of melody and sonorous preaching.

I found Herman Way and I found Mt. Tabor Cottage, still under the same management though the years have passed. The landlady was out, but a slim young maiden, in a check gingham frock, put herself at my service, and then two or three more maidens of the same sort came in. It seems they were nieces from an inland town, who were doing the work of the house in turn to enjoy the advantages of a vacation in this lovely resort.

I inquired as to the terms of board. There was but one room vacant, they said, and that was meant to accommodate four, which for one, might make it rather expensive. I saw this room designed for four. It was up in a peak of the roof, as hot as Tophet, with only two beds for the four, and two small bureaus, the varnish of which stuck to the touch, and it was about the dimensions of a good-sized dry-goods box.

"Poor Marcelle," I said within myself, "if she had come here!"

Fortunately nothing could be done about my taking this room or table-board or anything, without my seeing the landlady, and I said I would come back in the evening.

I spent the interval looking about among the characteristic sights of the town. I soon ran across an acquaintance, who was a quite likely enough person to be there—viz., my married cousin Henrietta Martha,

She was showing her freckled boys the model of Jerusalem in the pavilion.

Then presently I ran across another one who did not seem to me at all a likely person to be there, this was Jacob Malbury. And his occupation was quite peculiar: he was firing at the clay pipes in a small shooting gallery—and was now and then hitting one. With a quick, keen glance, he caught my eye, and put down the light rifle he had been using, and accompanied me.

"I feel safer that way," he commented briefly.

"Safer?" Did he think he was in some sort of danger, then? I did not know what he meant. But he said no more; he dropped that subject, and broke out in such exaggerated enology of my biography of him that it almost made even my hardened conscience wince.

"Why?" he declared, it's one of the greatest things that ever was written. It's an immortal work. I think of getting ten thousand extra copies of it struck off in pamphlet form, and sending it all over the country."

I was astonished at this fire and fury. He seemed to me very erratic. He was puffing under the eyes and wheezed unusually in talking.

"Now I want to show you something else," he added. He took me by the arm and led me to an annex of the auditorium, and stopped before a framed portrait of a popular preacher of the day, who was to have some part in the service here. It was very glib, shiny and chromo like; it was a specimen triumph of the work of Lemuel Zwink's high art, all American, real oil portrait company.

"I've presented it to them," said he, "and they're mighty pleased to get it. Great work, isn't it? What would you think of my getting a thousand of 'em of myself? Zwink would give a big discount on our order of that size. I would be willing to send one to every Sunday school in the country that wanted one. I'm getting old and I might as well do a little good with my money."

Mentally I was raising my forefinger to my temple again at this strange talk; for was it not the very "mania of grandeur" he was indulging in? And what had become of his ruling passion of parsimony? But this streak of conduct passed over; he was lucid again and showed no other than his usual manner of the hard-headed man of business and of the wanderer.

In my wanderings about I saw him again, near the door, at one of the meetings for a special awakenings, at which I glanced in. The revivalist, treating fervidly of death, saying:—

"Some that are at these meetings this year will not be here the next year. Their friends will ask for them but they will have passed the beyond. It may be you, brother, it may be you, sister; it may be myself; they will ask for us but we will not be here." Then for the greater emphasis and effect he used some real names, as he caught sight of faces that he knew. "Why, it may be you, Thomas G. Barker. It may be you, Jacob Malbury."

Marcelle's guardian and my late patron did not seem at all pleased at this. He came out mopping his brow.

"It ain't so," he disclaimed nervously, "that don't hit me at all; there's nothing in it. Why, I've never felt better in my life than in the last six months. Well, good bye to you! I've got to catch my train to Red Bank."

When I went back to Mt. Tabor Cottage, the landlady had not yet returned. But her return was no longer necessary. I remained to supper and was now received by the young maidens in gingham quite as an old friend. "Are you a married gentleman?" asked one of them, and I could see that my answer in the negative increased my standing at least with the ingenuous questioner.

I had the opportunity for ample discourse with these nieces of the proprietress. They were well-conversant with her affairs. They said she had one daughter who was the wife of a caretaker at the auditorium, and also one son.

"How about the son?" I inquired, in as lightly casual a tone as I could assume.

"Why he's out west," was the answer. "Sent back for a girl he was engaged to here, and married her, and she died and he married a widow who has a ranch, and they say he's done very well."

"I shouldn't think his mother would like to have him so far away from home?"

"She doesn't, and she talks of selling out here and going out to join him. He wants her to. The way it was, he was used to work for Jacob Malbury, up to Red Bank, and when there was the big time up there about the niece running away, he was blamed for it some way, and lost his place—things ne wasn't to blame at all—and he couldn't get another. So it seemed best for him to go West, and it certainly was, for he's made a success of it all right."

"They are great hands for moving away about as far as they can get," the narrator continued. "I shouldn't be surprised if, by this time, he had gone to the Klondyke."

My young hostesses did not know at all why my secret feeling was so grateful to them, and why I bade them so cordial a farewell—holding out a delusive hope that I might come back to board with them at some future time.

(To be continued.)

BOSTON.

THE LADIES AUXILIARY.

What a nice long rest since the closing of the last business meeting in June, and what a happy and refreshing gathering it was, when the members met at the home of Mrs. Rudolph's on October 6th!

Mrs. Frisbee was among those present and never did she look so well as after that pleasant trip to California. Mrs. Soper, too, looked very well and happy now that she is building a new house in place of the one she lost in the Salem fire. President Bigelow, who had been at home with folded arms all summer, was ready to take up her work for the L. A. again, and it was the same with Treasurer Cross and Secretary Perry.

During the morning, the members sewed on aprons, and before noon a lot was done. After lunch, the business meeting opened at quarter past two, with seventeen present. Many suggestions were made and full reports given with all our approvals. President Bigelow was again elected President; Mrs. Fred Wood was chosen Vice-President; Mrs. Cross elected Treasurer, and Mrs. Perry Secretary.

The Auditing Committee reported that between October, 1914, and September, 1915, the L. A. had forwarded to the Treasurer of the Home five hundred dollars for the mortgage, beside giving eighty dollars in donation to the Home.

In an hour after the adjournment supper was announced. Baked beans, cold beef loaf, sliced tomatoes, chopped beets, pickles, cheese, hot rolls, cakes, pies, coffee, and tea were served, just think! for fifteen cents to non-members, but those from outside thought it worth more, so added to the fifteen cents "for the benefit of the Home."

Then after supper, all turned to Mrs. Rudolph for some signs of games, and sure enough, she had several to give. In the first, all were asked to hold a penny (not the Lincoln kind) and answer questions about it after studying the pennies. Then different tricks were played on every one present, which amused them all greatly.

All went home satisfied with the morning's work, the business meeting, etc. A few days after, on Columbus Day, the Donation Day was held at the Home from ten in the morning till ten at night. It was not so successful as last year, but everything received was very useful, such as 33 nice pillow cases, 2 new bed spreads, 2 doz. napkins, a box of Clark's thread, 2 nice suits and 2 warm overcoats, almost new, beside 1 doz. shirts and night shirts for men and clothing for women. There were 22 lbs. sugar, jellies, canned fruit, vegetables and various small articles which will be announced in the October *Spokesman*. From the supper and admissions \$61.45 was made. Since then more money has been sent in, including \$24.25 from Miss Green, of Provi-

dence, R. I., thus making \$87.70, which is more than last year.

There will be no party at the Home on October 30th, but plans are made for a Fair, which will be held at the Home on November 13th, under Mrs. Chapman's charge. Admission, fifteen cents.

Mrs. Holmes recently lost a sister-in-law, which makes the third death in the family since last Spring. The first was her husband's death, then his sister and the last previously stated. Much sympathy is felt for her, as she has had several trials, the first when her husband had a very serious operation. In the meanwhile his brother passed away and his daughter has been operated for appendicitis.

Mrs. Cross made a flying trip to Bang, or Me., to call on Mrs. Carlisle after she attended the Maine Mission during the summer.

President Bigelow was down near Cape Cod for two weeks. Her husband is now running a small corner in a store for himself, and takes orders for framing pictures.

The *Youths' Companion*, where Mr. Perry works, expects to move very soon to a new building in Allston. Many changes will be made, as there will be more done by machinery and with less help; but happily, Mr. Perry has been asked to keep on, which will make the twenty-sixth year since he began to work there.

Mrs. Margaret Lutes (*nee* Short), has been to St. John, N. B., with her baby, on a visit to her husband's folks.

Miss McInnes is back in Boston, much to the joy of all, and it is expected she will be welcomed at the next business meeting at Mrs. Blanchard's, West Somerville, on November 3d.

At the Horace Mann Benevolent Ball, on the evening of October 11th, quite a number of L. A. members were present, and were more than pleased and charmed with the dances. Little girls and boys from seven to twelve danced in different costumes, representing Scotch, Irish and Indian. Butterflies were also represented and the last was the Sailor's Hornpipe. It was so well arranged, it was with some pride the Secretary watched them, as she was a former pupil at the H. M. S. Her mother stood in the receiving line with Miss Fuller, Miss Gordon, Mrs. Bosse, Miss Mabel Adams and Miss Hobart, the last named being teachers of the H. M. S.

To show their appreciation, several members during their spare time made a number of square blocks for Mrs. Perry's quilts. After they had been put together, some of the members met at the Home about the middle of September, and with the use of a frame, finished off two quilts. Mrs. Perry served lunch with iced tea, which they enjoyed. Finally, when the quilts were done, Mrs. Perry took them home with hardly enough thanks for them, but assured that she will always remember their work and kindness.

"BUSY BEE."

October 16, 1915.

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, Pastor, 740 W. Fayette Street.
Rev. J. A. Braniff, Assistant, 2704 Bernard Street.

Services at Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf, every Sunday, corner of Schroeder Street, every Sunday at 3:30 P. M. Sunday School at 2:30 P. M. Week day meetings every Thursday evening at eight o'clock, except during July and August. Holy Communion first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

Diocese of Connecticut.

REV. G. H. HEFFLON, Minister.

AUTUMN, 1915.

Hartford—Christ Church, first and third Sundays of the month, at 8 P. M.
Waterbury—St. John's Church, Parish House, third Sundays of the month, at 7 P. M.
New Haven—Trinity Parish House, Temple Street, second Sundays of the month, at 11 A. M.
Bridgeport—St. John's Church, Park Avenue, second Sundays, at 8 P. M.
Services in Pittsfield and Springfield, Mass., by appointment.
Address: Y. M. C. A., Hartford, Ct.

Lutheran Mission

St. Matthew's Lutheran Church for the Deaf. Services in the sign-language in the church, 426 Broome Street, every Sunday at 3 P. M.
ARTHUR BOLL, Pastor.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 28, 1915.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and St. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year \$1.00

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-ubeholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race"

Spectator copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Father McCarthy Passes Away.

At Carney Hospital, South Boston, Mass., on Friday evening, October 22d, Rev. Michael B. McCarthy, S. J., passed to his heavenly reward, after a combat with failing health for more than a year, terminating in "pernicious anemia," the effects of which were the cause of his immediate death. All that skilled medical science could do was done to relieve him of his malady. He was removed from St. Francis Xavier College, this city, to Boston, at his own request, with hopes the change to the scenes of his boyhood days, and intercourse with his numerous nieces and nephews, and other members of his family, might tend to counteract his weakened condition, but without avail.

Born in Boston, August 9th, 1859, Father McCarthy was for a number of years, preceding his joining the Jesuit Order, engaged in business in Boston. He attended Holy Cross College, where he was one of the leaders of his time, and a special favorite with the Faculty as well as with the student body; for besides being a scholar, his prowess on track and field won distinction many a time for the Worcester collegians. After his ordination he served for fifteen years as treasurer of Fordham University, and later for many years in a like capacity at St. Francis Xavier College. His presence there brought him in contact with the deaf, and for fifteen years he has been the recognized Pastor of the Catholic silent fold of New York.

Outside of his priestly duties he was of a jovial disposition, slow to make friends, but a loyal friend when once made. He was relieved of all other responsibilities to devote his whole time to his silent parishioners, and to his efforts the growth and usefulness of the Xavier Ephpheta Society became manifest, from the time he counselled waiving an initiation fee and reducing the dues from 25 to 15 cents, so as to include all the deaf. His interest in the Catholic deaf all over the country prompted his launching Ephpheta, the Catholic monthly for the deaf, and with it as a medium he had been able to reach a widely scattered class. By him the observance of Ephpheta Sunday as a special feast day for the Catholic deaf was inaugurated, no one at the time supposing a few years later Pius X would afford his seal of approbation to that day thus being observed by the Church all over the world.

As an actor, both in Shakespearean roles and comedy, Father McCarthy, had he so chosen, might have ranked among the leaders of the theatrical world. He was skilled in the art of declamation, and was also an elocutionist. Among the ablest of the younger Jesuit missionaries and preachers to-day, are not a few who received their training at college from Father McCarthy.

During his few weeks' stay at Carney Hospital he was attended by his sisters, Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Clifford, and also gladly received several visits from Miss Beatrice Chanler. On the two days preceding his demise, Mr. J. F. O'Brien, of this city, and Mr. J. P. Donohue called, and were happy at receiving recognition from their good friend.

While most particularly concerned in the ministrations as a pastor among the Catholic deaf, Father McCarthy was first and last a warm friend of all the deaf, and ever ready to lend his aid to any worthy movement started by the deaf. He was the idol of the present generation at St. Joseph's Institute, but his concern was equally bestowed upon the pupils attending Fanwood and the Lexington Avenue School.

His silent parishioners feel his loss keenly, as to them he was a friend as well as pastor.

The interment occurred on Monday, October 25th, at Holy Cross College burial lot, following a Mass of Requiem at St. Mary's Church, Boston, at which Rev. Thomas J. White, S. J., Rector and president of St. Francis Xavier College, this city, was celebrant.

From New York to the Golden Gate.

CHAPTER X.

"O Christ, it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land."

Los Angeles, City of The Angels. Well adapted is the name to the city which bears it. It suggests to the traveller something exalted and ideally beautiful, and the experiences of the sojourner is never short of the preconceived pictures that fancy painted.

It would require a subtle pen to give the reader a clear idea of the wonderful climate—the balmy atmosphere, the velvety mildness that does not oppress, the grateful warmth that invigorates and strengthens, the clear skies and bright sunshine of the days that merge into evenings just cool enough for comfort and entirely devoid of chill.

The city proper revels in well-ordered business activity, while the suburbs are a dream of semi-tropical restfulness and beauty. Los Angeles has a population very close to half a million. Its streets are broad and clean and well laid out. Its buildings are fine examples of modern architecture. It can boast of splendid boulevards and lovely parks, with flowers and trees and shrubs in abundance, jeweled here and there with ponds and miniature lakes. Through the courtesy of Mr. Arnold Kiene, who gave me an extended ride in his automobile, I was enabled to verify with my own eyes all the facts that I have above related. We sped over smooth asphalt avenues, lined on either side with fringed date palms, pepper trees, and sweet-scented magnolia. All along the route nice little houses, pretty and quaint, nestled amid flowers and vines far back from the road, and every one of them seemed fronted with one or more splendid date palms. These date palms constantly interested me, as in New York they grow only in conservatories. I found myself continually comparing the height of the palms and spread of their fronds, as they came upon the view, with those we had left behind. The pepper trees also are beautiful, with long, drooping leaves, looking like filmy lace, bearing little clusters of green peppers, tiny counterparts of green peas. I learned that this pepper is not exploited as an article of commerce.

One day of our stay was given over to a trolley trip to the Mission of San Gabriel, the Busch Sunken Gardens at Pasadena, and the Cawston Orchard Farm.

The San Gabriel Mission is about nine miles from Los Angeles. It is one of a chain of missions established by the Franciscan Monks, whose ambition it was to convert the Indians from Paganism to Christianity. These Missions were twenty-one in number, extending from San Diego along the coast as far as San Francisco. They were separated from each other about one day's journey. The first, the Mission of San Diego, was founded by Father Junipero Serra, in 1769, and at intervals of one or more years other Missions were built, their successive construction covering a period of fifty-four years.

The story of these Franciscan Fathers, tells of sufferings, hardships, self-sacrifice and martyrdom. They endured and triumphed, and in the sad chronicle of time they passed away. The work of these zealous monks, exemplified in the missions they built, lives also in the names they gave to the settlements which are now towns and cities. From the border of Mexico to the Bay of San Francisco the names of nearly all of the coast towns and cities begin with the prefix San or Santa (Saint).

We reached San Gabriel Mission a little before noonday, and an hour or more, filled with interest and revelation, was too quickly passed. The church is of stone, and was founded in 1771. Along its entire length it is shaded with date palms. It has an exterior stone stairway, the steps of which have been worn deeply by the Padres passing to and fro in their devotions. Inside the sanctuary, and at each side of the altar, are portraits and carved figures of holy men that the church has canonized. Various relics in gold and silver and embroidery can be inspected

through the glass cases in which they are kept. Outside again, we turn to view this picturesque edifice, with its campanile, or bell tower, in which hang the bells that have, for a century and a half, at sunset, tolled the Angelus to recall the erring and faithful alike to prayer. Looking at them I recalled Bret Harte's poem, "The Angelus."

THE ANGELUS.

By Bret Harte

Bells of the Past, whose long forgotten music

Still fills the wide expanse,
Tinging the sober twilight of the Present
With color of romance:

I hear you call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices
blending
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
No blight or mildew falls,
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves
receding,
I touch the farther Past,—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission
towers,
The white Presidio;
The swart commander in his leathern
jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portola's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly
drifting,
The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old,—
O tinkling bell that lulled with twilight
music
The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness,—
Break, falter, and are still;
And veiled and mystic, like the Host
descending,
The sun sinks from the hill!

Adjoining San Gabriel Mission is a wonderful grape vine, said to be over 150 years old and valued at \$200,000. It spreads over a large area of enclosed ground, which is practically roofed and shaded by its branching vines.

We visited the curio house and theatre in which are given twice daily the remarkable Mission Plays. Around at each side and the rear of this structure are miniature replicas of all the missions of California that were built by the Monks of the Franciscan Order.

Our next visit was to the Sunken Gardens of the Busch estate in Pasadena. A hundred gardeners are employed in keeping these gardens at the point of perfection. Wonderful trees, emerald green lawns and terraces, flowers of every kind in profusion, every variety of cactus, bronze and marble statues, ponds with gigantic leaved lilies, and other wonders that I can neither enumerate nor describe, unite to make these gardens as near to a reproduction of Paradise that the poetical mind can imagine. This part of the trip was made by big sightseeing autos.

Next we trolleyed to the Cawston Orchard Farm, where possibly a couple of hundred ostriches were viewed with great interest and much curiosity. And this ended the day's enjoyment. I might add, however, that going and returning we had the pleasure of seeing, as the cars went by, the big movie city where the Seelig plays are enacted.

Next day was Sunday, and to fair-sized congregations, Revs. Dr. Cloud and Mr. Keiser held services in the morning and afternoon. After service, Rev. Mr. Keiser, Mrs. Style, Mrs. Haight, Mr. and Mrs. Heyman, Mrs. Weil, and myself, were guests at supper of Mrs. Henry Denny Reaves and her daughter, Miss Bessie Reaves. Mr. and Mrs. Peregrin (youngest daughter of Mrs. Reaves) and their cute little cherub of a boy, were also present. The repast was dainty and appetizing, and we talked about our old friend, the late Mr. H. D. Reaves, a Fanwood graduate and later a teacher of wonderful ability at Fanwood for many years. Our visit was all too short, but we were obliged to catch the eight o'clock train for Salt Lake City that evening.

We reached the Auditorium Hotel just in time to make the train, and found the lobby filled with Los Angeles friends who had come to say good-bye.

In two autos, amid the waving of hands and handkerchiefs, we bade a reluctant farewell to the City of the Angels, regretting very, very much, that we could not remain a week or two longer.

Next day, while crossing the Mohave Desert, Rev. Mr. Keiser tuned his lyre and produced the following:—
Very sadly did we leave thee,
But we gave our hearts in pledge
To the palms upon the hillside
And the blossoms by the hedge,
To the orange and the lemon,
To the plum tree and the peach,
And the girlish, O, the girlish,
Romping children on the beach.
East away across the prairies,
How our black train drives and swings,
To the land of care and trouble
And the marts of money kings.

EDWIN A. HODGSON.

Edward E. Miles, of Syracuse, N. Y., died on the 5th of October. He was a graduate of the New York Institution, in the Class of 1862.

National Association of the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 25, 1900.

President
Jay C. Howard, A. L. Roberts, Harley D. Drake,
Minn. Kan. Wash., D. C.

Secretary
A. B. Greener, Ohio, Walter Glover, S. C.
Mrs. A. Lashbrook, N. Y. J. W. Howson, Cal.

Treasurer
A. B. Greener, Ohio, Walter Glover, S. C.
Mrs. A. Lashbrook, N. Y. J. W. Howson, Cal.

Executive Committee:
Jay C. Howard, Minnesota,
Ex-Officio Chairman

Owen G. Carrell, of Austin, Texas
Shelby W. Harris, of Jackson, Miss.
Arthur L. Roberts, of Olathe, Kan.
Robert S. Taylor, of Mount Olive, N. C.
Leo C. Williams, of San Francisco, Cal.
W. S. Root, of Seattle, Wash.
Walter G. Durian, Hartford, Ct.
John H. Keiser, New York.

OFFICIAL.

IMPOSTOR BUREAU.

President Howard is merciless! Personal friendship is nothing! He coldly commands me—me, mind you—to "get a wiggle on, or get out!" Says I am not to rest on past laurels, but will have to keep hammering away or he will "fire me as quick as any other chairman!" This attitude of his may make enemies here and there, but it is the modern method of all big business executives and our Association is fortunate to have such a man at its head.

The approach of winter, with its ever increasing horde of mendicants swarming to the big cities, means your Impostor Bureau has its work cut out in earnest. All previous activity is nothing to what must now be the program. The record of seven State laws secured in four months is pleasant to look back upon, but these—and all other laws—are worthless unless enforced.

It is up to us, you and I, gentle reader—to see that they are. The case may at first glance seem well nigh hopeless, considering times are about the hardest ever known, and more and more beggars will fake deafness to earn an easy living. But remember there are over a thousand Bureau Cards of Credentials out. If each State Chief has secured only five dependable workers—a very low estimate, it is hoped—that means fully 225 alert Bureau police are honeycombing the continent.

Sometimes I feel ashamed, getting all the credit for "finds" which were really tipped off by Howard, or Roberts, or Williams, or Hodgson, or one of the many other men working in a quiet, harmonious way. Little is heard of their activities, but put your ear to the ground and you find there is a quiet undercurrent of hum and hustle. This esprit de corps among N. A. D. officials of late years is a welcome relief after a decade of petty wrangling and foreshadows a scope of activities yet undreamed.

For example, there is Mahlon E. Hoag, a small printer of Pine City, Minnesota. He has printed and is distributing cards bearing the manual alphabet on one side and a clever plea to "Help Kill Off 'Deaf and Dumb' Impostors" on the other. The Minnesota Association of the Deaf stands ready to furnish him with 10,000 cards having the alphabet already printed—and all this publicity propaganda does not cost the N. A. D. one cent.

We want more men of Hoag's zeal and initiative.

The most important single appointment as State Chief is probably that of Rev. Keiser for Greater New York and vicinity. This small area has over five million souls. Think of it, 5,000,000 people with 10,000,000 soles! More than all the Pacific Coast States combined!

Chief Keiser is a young man of fearless energy. He is eager to make a name for the second largest city in the world as a haven free from the taint of the genus impostor-us, and in that laudable ambition should have the full and free support of all. Once New York sets the example, the provinces will follow pell mell. Those eager to co-operate with Rev. Keiser will receive instructions by writing to 511 West 148th Street, New York.

There are two or three other Chiefs whose work somehow does not seem to be in proportion to area and population. They are not up to the mark. That is partly the fault of the Director. Now I am asking the Executive Committee of the N. A. D. to appropriate \$150 for Bureau expenses up to the Hartford Convention. Almost all of this will be expended in paper, inks, plates and postage. Among other things will be a circular or pamphlet explaining the ways and means of getting results. The experiences of such wonder-workers as Howson, Cloud, Hanson, Waring, Howard and others, will be boiled down into compact form and distributed to the Bureau police gratuitously. Then watch the fly fly.

We can not again expect such luck as seven State laws on a \$35 appropriation, but if each NAD does his or her small mite the whole country should ring with our hue and cry.

All this will directly or indirectly benefit YOU. It is done for your kind by men and women just like YOU. Are you willing to do YOUR small share? As a start, are you a NAD? If not, why not?

J. FREDERICK MEACHER,
Director.
Box B, VANCOUVER, WASH.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

As a tribute to the memory of the late Professor Allan B. Fay, whose death occurred so unexpectedly on the fifth of last July, and in recognition of his long, unselfish labors in their midst, the undergraduates recently drew up resolutions of condolence to his parents and family and subscribed for a beautiful floral tribute. This, it was supposed, if possible, to convey to Oak Hill Cemetery and lay reverently upon the mound marking the last resting place of Professor Fay. But on the suggestion of his family, it was sent to the Children's Hospital, an institution in which Mr. Fay was greatly interested during his lifetime. Surely, if the spirits of the departed can rise triumphant from their lifeless clay and return to the scenes of their past joys and struggles, Professor Fay would be the first to approve of this disposal of the votive flowers, such was the sweetness of his nature.

Following is a copy of the Undergraduate Resolutions:

"DEAR DR. FAY AND FAMILY:—The undergraduates of Gallaudet College, who had the opportunity of knowing and appreciating the late Allan B. Fay, wish to express to you, his parents, wife and children, their unbounded respect for the man whom they have come to know, not only as a patient, helpful teacher, but as a kind, sympathetic friend.

We learned of his untimely death during the summer vacation with sincere sorrow, but it was not until our return to College this Fall that we came to realize the magnitude of our loss, and how impossible it would be to fill his place in the life of the College.

With best wishes to you, his immediate family, who loved him best, and feel his loss most sorely,

We are,"

(Following the above resolutions were the signatures of all the Students and Co-eds.)

The Sunday-School Concert for October consisted of an analysis of the Armenian People, and their sorrowful lot under the rule of Islam. The various speakers aroused great sympathy in the hearts of the audience for this stricken race, which though desiring only to be left to pursue their own ideals in peacefulness, are being compelled by the heartless Turks to bear the burdens which Turkey should lay upon her own shoulders, as the price is justly hers for her entrance into the great war. Following is a list of the speakers

"Armenia,"..... Mr. Braddock, '18.
"The Armenians,"..... Mr. Andrewjeski, '16.
"The Armenian Religion,"..... Mr. Olinger, '19.
"The Armenian under the Turk,"..... Mr. L. S. Pearson, '17.
Kipling's "Recessional,"..... Miss Peterson, '16.
"Armenian Persecution and their Need of Help,"..... Miss Maybelle Pearson, '17.
Prayer,..... Dr. Fay.

KAPPA GAMMA.

On the seventh day of the Tenth Moon, present year and Era, Vishnu, the Ever-Sublime, welcomed back to his Shrine the Faithful of Kappa Gamma's exalted order. Much business of importance was transacted, the chief of which was the election of officers for the year 1915-16. The selections of Vishnu are as follows:

Grand Rajah, Bro. Martin, '16;
Kamoos, Bro. McInturf, '17;
Tahdheed, Bro. Schmidt, '17;
Mukhtar, Bro. Schowe, '18;
Rajakathia, Bro. Keeley, '16;
Abrah Tekoth, Bro. Rendall, '16;
Ibn Phillakin, Bro. Treuke, '17;
Bn Tebeezee, Bro. A. Wenger, '18;
Eth Thaalliber, Bro. Sullivan, '17;
Kappa Gamma Editor, Bro. Braddock, '18.

Initiation Committee—Bro. Martin, Chairman; Bros. Rasmussen, '16, Sullivan, '17, and Braddock, '18.

Probation Committee—Bro. McInturf, Chairman; Bros. Classen, '16, Cuscaden, '17, and R. Wenger, '18.

Banquet Committee—Bro. Hughes, '13, Chairman; Bros. Rockwell, '16, Treuke, '17, and Schowe, '18.

HALLOWE'EN MASQUERADE.

It is to be doubted—and rightly so—whether, among all the long line of Halloween masquerades which date from the inception of the costume, there was one which surpassed that of 1915, either in brilliancy or delightfulness. Certainly, the undergraduates could not have asked for a festival more replete with light hearted joy.

For it was amid a scene of gayety and spontaneous carefreeness such as would have made the immortal Tam O'Shanter chafe restively in the confines of the nether-world, that the Sons and Daughters of Gallaudet bled themselves to the "Old Jim" on the evening of October 23, to invoke the co-operation of the witches, goblins, ghosts, owls, and other shady beasts which are invariably stirring on Halloween.

Owing to its irregular shape, the gymnasium usually resists an effective placing of decorative material. And yet, when the guests trooped into the Hall, they might have been excused for imagining that by some supernatural agency they had been transported into the midst of one of "Farmer" Drake's cornfields.

Corn? There were great stacks of it everywhere, with black cats peeping slyly around the corners, and hideous-looking bats hanging indecisively from the rafters. The Committee responsible for this mar-

velous transformation is deserving of the highest praise.

The costumes worn by the majority of the participants were extremely novel and evinced a great deal of preparation and care. Such is particularly true of the "get-ups" of the Co Eds. Among the mass of charming femininity present, your correspondent observed coy milk-maids, coquettish waitresses, proud princesses, two blushing Turkish belles, a ravishing little Spanish Senorita, a couple of demure and—oh extremely lively little disciples of "Slivers," and even—yes, even two rumped and weebeegone New Jersey Suffragettes.

On the masculine side, the hit of the evening was made by Mr. F. H. Hughes, who, filling the rather difficult role of Dan Cupid, advertised himself as the Gallaudet Marriage Bureau. (Now we will know where to place the blame in case there is any undue increase in the the knot-tying business of certain reverend gentlemen who occasionally pays us a visit.)

During the evening, the usual run of Halloween games were played—such as blowing out candles, bobbing for apples, etc. One pleasure (and not the least) which was freely indulged in by everybody was the quaffing of cider, drawn from a barrel conveniently situated.

The party wound up at ten-thirty, with a flashlight of the participants in costume.

FOOTBALL.

Gallaudet 52 Carlisle Indian Reserve 0
Driven up and down the field like a dismantled bark in an angry sea; pounded unmercifully in every direction, and with their defense torn to pieces and their offense cleverly boxed-up; outplayed, outgeneraled and outrun, as deplorable a looking band of redskins as ever went out on the war-path surrendered to the victorious Buff and Blue army on Saturday afternoon, October 23d, at Garlic Field.

The Indians came here a much-touted bunch of aborigines; they left with lowered crests and blood-smeared war-paint, considering themselves lucky to escape with any part of their skin that the Gallaudet wild men had not chewed up.

It was asserted that they would out-run Gallaudet's backs, and put half our line in the hospital. As a matter of fact, the Kendall Greens ran the redskins off their feet, and three of the Carlisle aggregation will not be able to play in many moons.

Gallaudet scored at will in every period, and after the first three minutes of play the result was never in doubt. The Redskins never seemed to be able to stop the Buff and Blue machine, and its course was a steady march down the field.

Gallaudet played a brilliant open game throughout, the Buff and Blue back field was invincible at that kind of tactics. With Rendall alternating with Rockwell, the ball was often pushed down to the Indians' goal-line on two plays from kickoff.

The forward pass was a large factor in Gallaudet's win. The Buff and Blue scored two touchdowns by this means. Two more were secured by intercepting the passes of the Carlisle team.

Gallaudet drew first blood during the first five minutes of play by steady line-bucking, Keeley carrying the ball over. After that, the game was a landslide, with the Kendall Greens scoring so rapidly as to completely bewilder their opponents.

There were many long runs during the game on the Gallaudet side. Rockwell, Peard and Keeley, all made over fifty yards on one run, while Rendall carved a niche for himself in the foot-ball hall of fame, by seizing the ball when the Indians fumbled on Gallaudet's fifteen yard line, and racing eighty-five yards for a touch down.

The longest run for the Indians was secured by Herman, then Captain and fullback, who, by the way, starred for his team throughout the game. On one occasion, he carried the ball twenty yards, through the whole Gallaudet team, before being upset by Classen.

The game was, start to finish, as clean an exhibition as the most scrupulous could desire. The Indians were very, very tame, indeed, and the only scalping attempted during the game was essayed by Classen, our red-headed fullback, who managed to grab Herman by his scalp lock. However, the referee had his eye on the proceedings and soaked Gallaudet for a ten-yard penalty.

It can be said, in the Indians' favor, that they played hard and conscientiously in every period. They were game to the last, and were beaten only through Gallaudet's superiority at the running game. All honor to them!

For Gallaudet, Rockwell, Rendall, Peard, Keeley and Classen, did most of the ground gaining, while Martin and Classen were lions on the defence.

Summary:—

GALLAUDET	Pos.	CARLISLE
Peard	L.E.	Nori
Martin	L.E.	Blackbird
Davis	L.E.	Footo
Thompson	C.	Tarbel
Ferguson	R.G.	Shell
Cuscaden	R.G.	LeRoy
Treuke	R.E.	Miles
Rockwell	Q.B.	Clairmont
Rendall	L.H.B.	Bellefille
Keeley	R.H.B.	McDowell
Classen	R.B.	Herman

Substitutes—Gallaudet: A. Wenger for Davis, Hoppel for Ferguson, Rasmussen for Cuscaden, Courrage for Rockwell, Rockwell for Courrage, Newman for Rendall, Rendall for Newman, Carlisle: Eastman for Nori, Smith for Shell, Teestaski for LeRoy, C. Bird for Miles, Shell for Eastman, Touchdowns—Rendall (3), Keeley (2), Classen (2), Rockwell, Peard, Goals—Keeley (2), Rockwell (2). Referee—Mr. Finney, Georgetown. Umpire—Mr. Farmer, George Washington University. Head Linesman—Mr. Smith, Geo. Wash. Univ. Time of periods—15 minutes.

H. J. P.

OKLAHOMA.

The Summer landscape fades upon the hills,
October's brush paints dreams in red and gold;

The frost gleams white beside the lowly hills,
The morning air is strangely still and cold;

Along the far horizon lies the haze
That waits eternal to the autumn's call;—
All this October brings to mark the days
When Summer's kingdom totters to its fall!

—Hubert J. Dance

Mr. Charles Bell has returned to Wakita, Okla., after spending a week with his home folks in Wichita, Kan.

Mrs. John T. Flood, Jr., spent the day with Mrs. A. G. Hendricks, Monday.

The Sewing Circle met with Mrs. Rob Dixon and next Wednesday will meet with Mrs. J. T. Flood in Sand Creek.

Mr. Alouzo James, of Wakita, Okla., who went to Two Buttes, Colo., several weeks ago, has taken unto himself a wife. On the 27th of September he married Miss Mabel Flood, of Anthony, Kan., who went to claim a homestead, two or three years. The couple met and fell in love with each other a year ago, while the latter was the guest of her brother, John T. Flood, Jr., that resulted in marriage, and in fact, their marriage was a great surprise to their friends outside of Wakita. Congratulations. May they have a long, happy and prosperous life.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gordon, of Oklahoma City, are visiting the latter's mother in Waukomis.

Mrs. Alice Mayfield, of Buffalo, Okla., was on her way to Oklahoma City, to attend the State Fair, recently, and she stopped off at El Reno, to visit Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Lackey.

Miss Ina Palmer, of El Reno, has returned to school in Sulphur, after a three months' vacation.

Miss Nora Kloster, of El Reno, has been quite sick for some time. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Beaver, of Yukon, were in Clinton and Apache recently, visiting the latter's relatives. They, too, were in El Reno, attending the county fair and visiting the former's folks and deaf friends.

Miss Velma Northcutt, who graduated from the Sulphur School last June, is in Oklahoma City, working in an overall factory. There are four other deaf ladies working in the same line—Misses Agnes Bohanon, Viola McCutchan, Alma Ward, and Mrs. Nora Wilson Gordon.

Miss Jane Susman, of St. Louis, Mo., has taken Miss Dummire's place as a girls' supervisor in the Sulphur School.

Mr. Charles Deshaizer, who has been working in Oklahoma City as a printer for some time, is going to leave the State on account of ill health, and Willie Davis, who graduated from the Sulphur School, is promised to take his place.

Mr. Tom Ogburn, of Glencoe, was in Chandler, visiting his brother Oscar and family.

Mr. and Mrs. George Beaver, of Yukon, will move to Apache, Okla., in two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William Allen, who have been residing in Chandler, Okla., for the past months, have moved to Keota, Okla., their former home.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Gordon, accompanied their mother, Mrs. Emma Wilson, to Enid, Okla.

The little laughing lad of Mr. and Mrs. P. Lackey, of El Reno, is in a fine physical condition.

Miss Goldie Abernathy, a pupil of the Texas State School for the Deaf, was in Oklahoma City for two months and returned to her studies at Austin, Texas.

Mr. Ora Chestnut, of Drummond, Okla.,

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Mr. Michael Kornblum and his bride were in New York for several days on their honeymoon tour, and visited the New York Institution and also the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League. They left for Philadelphia and Atlantic City, and thence will go to their home in Pittsburgh, Pa.

They were married in Boston, on October 21st, pledging their vows in writing. The bride was Miss Florence Wolfe, a graduate of the Horace Mann School in Boston. She can talk very well and is an expert at lip-reading. Among her accomplishments is piano playing. She is also fond of athletics.

The groom graduated from the Fanwood School, and is an optician, having followed that vocation with success in Pittsburgh for many years.

Ephphtha home benefited at a social session at K C Institute, Brooklyn, evening of October 24th. More than a hundred guests were present. An evening of sociability with games mixed up passed very pleasantly, with ice cream and cake the climaxing feature. Mrs. M. Rosenacker, Mrs. Lillian Brown, Mrs. Jos. H. Knopp, Miss May Butler and Mr. Joseph Mattes and President S. J. Fogarty, were the committee in charge. Julius Kiecker, Jerry Fives, Tom O'Neil, and James Lonergan, added their mites to help along the jumble of jollification. The receipts will foot the bill for many necessary adjuncts needed by Ephphtha Home, and Miss Joyce is happy.

On Saturday evening, the 9th of October, friends of Mr. and Mrs. Grutzmacher assembled at their home, 357 Fresh Pond Road, to celebrate the fifth anniversary of their marriage. The happy couple were recipients of many useful gifts, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. A light repast was served in their cozy dining-room before the guests departed. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Grutzmacher, those invited were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fotscher, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Auerbach, Miss Fousnadier, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Landan, Miss Williams, Mrs. Downs and Carl Downs, Mr. Ginzler, Mr. Hodgson, Mr. Majcherzyk, and Mr. and Mrs. Meinken.

In the great Woman Suffrage Parade in New York last Saturday, were four deaf ladies—Misses Esther H. Spanton, Louise E. Turner, Margaret and Eleanor Sherman. Miss Spanton was in the front row, and will be seen in the movies of the affair. Miss Turner was with the Brooklyn Division, and the New Jersey column claimed the Misses Sherman. From the third floor window of the Simonson Building at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, Mrs. Felix A. Simonson, Mrs. Adolph Pfeiffer, Mrs. C. C. McMann, and Mrs. Joseph Swoyd witnessed the parade.

For the present no immediate successor to Father McCarthy has been decided at St. Francis Xavier's. Father White has offered his services in the absence of a regular director, to conduct the exercises on the first and third Sundays of the month. The meetings of the Brooklyn De l'Epee Society will be held as usual on the fourth Sunday. The other societies among the Xavier Allied organizations will conduct their meetings at same dates as heretofore.

Rev. E. Clayton Wyand, of Keedysville, Md., Baptist Minister to the Deaf, will preach at Second Avenue Baptist Church, New York City, at eight o'clock, Monday night, November 1st. There will be a social hour from 9 to 10:30. Deaf persons of every faith and creed invited. Rev. Dr. E. C. Thomas is minister of this church.

The first wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gideon Moses was celebrated at a dinner given to them by their mother, Mrs. M. F. Moses. Congratulations and many beautiful gifts were sent to the happy couple.

Perry B. Oakley, formerly of Philadelphia, but now residing in Jersey City, was at St. Ann's on October 17th, and became acquainted with several of the parishioners.

The stork brought to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Max Lubin, in Brooklyn, on Friday, October 23d, a baby boy weighing seven pounds. Congratulations.

IF.

If I can dry one tear today,
Hold back one soul that wants to stray,
Or show to one the higher way,
My life will fuller be.

If I can speak one soothing word,
Inspire a talent yet unstirred,
Or check some sentence best unheard,
My life will fuller be.

If I can spare of my scant store
A mite to cheer some life more poor,
If some lost hope I can restore,
My life will fuller be.

—Selected.

Rev. B. R. Allabough's Appointments.

(11235 Detroit Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.)

MID-WESTERN DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

Dioceses: Pittsburg, Ohio, Southern Ohio, Indianapolis, Michigan, Western Michigan, Lexington, Kentucky.

St. Margaret's Mission—Trinity Episcopal Church, Sixth Avenue, Pittsburgh. Mr. F. A. Leitner, Lay Reader. Bible Class, 7:45 P.M. every Thursday.

St. Philip's Mission in the Beaver Valley, Pa. Mr. Collins S. Sawhill, Lay Reader. Services once a month, subject to notice.

All Saints' Mission—Trinity Church, cor. Third and Broad Streets, Columbus, Ohio. Messrs. C. W. Charles and A. H. Schory, Lay Readers. Services, 10:30 A.M. every Sunday.

St. Clement's Mission, Dayton, Christ Episcopal Church, Mr. C. W. Charles, Lay Reader. Services once a month, subject to notice.

Calvary Mission, All Saints' Episcopal Church, Portsmouth, O. Mr. Wm. Cooper, Lay Reader. Services, 2:30 P.M., third Sunday of the month.

Ephphtha Mission, St. John's Episcopal Church, Woodward Avenue and High Street, Detroit, Mich. Mr. H. B. Waters, Lay Reader. Services, 7:30 P.M., every Sunday, except when Rev. Mr. Allabough comes by appointment.

Ascension and St. Bede Missions, Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids respectively, Mr. M. M. Taylor, Lay Reader. Services by appointment.

All Souls' Mission, Christ Church Cathedral, Louisville, Ky., Mr. John H. Mueller, Lay Reader. Services and Bible Class alternately every Sunday at 2:30 P.M.

St. Agnes' Mission, Grace Episcopal Church, Bolivar Road and Prospect Avenue, Cleveland, O., Mr. Wm. F. Durian, Lay Reader. Rev. Mr. Allabough visits this Mission regularly the first Sunday of each month, unless otherwise arranged. (10:45 P.M. Holy Communion and 8 P.M.)

NOVEMBER.

6—Cleveland, Holy Comm., 7:45 P.M.

7—Cleveland, 10:45 A.M. (Holy Com.) and 3:00 P.M.

8—Akron, 7:30 P.M.

8—Alliance, 7:30 P.M.

11—Lima, 7:45 P.M.

12—Muncie, 7:45 P.M.

13—Indianapolis, Social, 8 P.M.

14—Indianapolis, 10:45 A.M. (Holy Com.) and 7:30 P.M.

Terre Haute, 3:00 P.M.

15—Richmond, 7:45 P.M.

19—Fremont, 7:00 P.M.

20—Toledo, Social, 7:45 P.M.

21—Toledo, 10:45 A.M. (Holy Com.) and 3:00 P.M.

21—Idin, 7:3 P.M.

22—Sandusky, 7:30 P.M.

23—Cleveland, Thanksgiving Service at 3:00 P.M., and supper at 6:00 P.M.

26—Pittsburg, 7:30 P.M.

27—Dayton, 7:45 P.M.

28—Cincinnati, 10:30 A.M. (Holy Com.) and 7:30 P.M.

30—Springfield, 7:30 P.M.

Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf.

Religious services of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf held every Friday evening, at 8:45 P.M., at the Temple Emanuel, 43d Street and Fifth Avenue. Doors open at 8 P.M.

Religious services of the Brooklyn Branch of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf, held every Friday evening, at 8:15 P.M., at Temple Shari Zedels, on Putnam Avenue, between Reid and Stuyvesant Avenues, Brooklyn.

ALBERT J. AMATEAU,

Minister.

St. Andrew's Mission for the Deaf.

Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

Rev. G. H. Hefflon, Minister-in-charge.

Messrs. E. W. Frisbee and A. S. Tufts, Layreaders.

OCTOBER, 1915.

31—Boston, 11 A.M.

Milford, Mass., Trinity Church, 3:15 P.M.

Rev. G. H. Hefflon, of Hartford, Ct., will administer the blessed sacraments and conduct services at Boston, Providence, and Milford, the 24th, and 31st.

EDWIN W. FRISBEE, Lay-Missionary.

58 Sagamore Avenue, West Medford, Mass.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 3925 N. 19th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday, 3:00 P.M., Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Morning Prayer—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the first, 3:00 P.M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.

Clere Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.

Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

Diocese of Maryland.

Rev. O. J. WHILDEN, General Missionary.

2018 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Haitimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.

Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.

Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.

Guid and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.

Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.

Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.

Other Places by Appointment.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Harry Terry gave a reception in honor of his daughter, whose marriage to Mr. Erhard D. Strecker, on June 12th, 1915, was formally announced, at his beautiful residence in the suburb of Latham Park, on Thursday night, the seventh of October. In spite of the inclement weather, the reception was well attended, about seventy-five being present, principally relatives and hearing friends of the newly-wedded couple. Mr. and Mrs. Strecker, the latter beautifully dressed in a gown of the latest creation, received the guests in the main hall-way. Music was rendered by an orchestra and dance was indulged in. A visit to one of the upper rooms revealed that the couple were the recipients of many beautiful and costly presents, which nearly filled the room. The deaf who had the honor of attending the reception were as follows: Misses Edith W. Ball, Dorothy and Margaret Sanders, Helena L. Bowden, Annie Simpson, and Rhea Schwenker, and Messrs. John A. Roach, James Foster, Alexander McGhee, and Myer Baliff.

George H. King was tendered a surprise party upon the attainment of his majority, by his sister, Miss Eleanor King, who was assisted by our Albert Wolf on the 26th of September. The party was itself successfully carried out in every respect and proved to be a very pleasant affair. Mr. King, who had not recovered from his surprise, found himself munificently remembered with many useful and handsome gifts, one of which being worth mentioning here a gold watch from his parents and sisters, bearing an up-to-date monogram. The evening was enjoyably spent in some laugh-provoking games and it was wound up with a dainty collation served in the room, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Speeches felicitating the guest of honor for reaching his 21st milestone were made at the conclusion of the repast. Those attending the party were, besides Mr. King's parents and other home folks, Misses Catherine Cardell, Anna Hagan, Ida Nicholson, Ethel Mook, Mary Price, Edna Purvis, Edna Snell, Lena Goldberg; and Messrs. Albert Wolf, Peter McCullough, John A. Roach, William Brogan, Louis Lovett, M. K. Cooper and William Klein.

Treasurer John A. Roach, of the P. S. A. D., received from the Reading Local Branch the sum of sixty-one dollars (\$61.00) as a Donation Day contribution for the Home. Out of the aforesaid amount, \$48.50 were the proceeds from an ice cream festival held on October 9th, and the rest were individual contributions collected from hearing people by Mrs. J. McDonough.

A certain deaf lady of Reading also got of fifty dollars (\$50.00) for the Home.

Mrs. Frank Kohn entertained a few friends at a surprise dinner party in honor of the birth anniversary of her husband, at their cozy house in Olney recently.

The Men's Club of All Souls' Church for the Deaf will hold its first meeting of this Fall in Tuesday evening, October 26th.

Among the visitors seen at All Souls' last Sunday, 17th, were the following, all from a distance: John F. Trough, of Pottsville; Jos. Siegfried, formerly of Akron, Ohio, but now of Indiana; William K. Clayton, of Ashland; Moses Foster, of Tamaqua; and Charles and George E. Chatham, of Altoona.

Miss Bessie O'Connor, formerly of Chicago, then of this city, and for the last few years residing in Florida, has returned to Philadelphia and hopes remain here now.

The local Frats will give a fancy dress ball at All Souls' Parish Hall, on Friday evening, February 25th, 1916.

The ladies of All Souls' congregation are busy arranging the bazaar to be held on November 9th and 10th. Donations of saleable articles are solicited.

Mrs. Grace L. Thompson, of Reading, Pa. has been visiting her sister in this city for some time.

Mr. James Coyle's father died on October 9th, aged eighty-four years. He was buried in the Catholic Cemetery in Frankfort, on the 13th inst. Mrs. R. Reed Robertson's father also died recently. Both of the above friends have our sympathy.

Mr. Wilbur I. Wells, of Aurora, Illinois, has been in Philadelphia some weeks already to learn monotypic operating. He expects to remain eight weeks.

The question of Woman Suffrage was to have been discussed at the Clere Literary Association meeting last Thursday, 14th, but the inclement weather had its usual effect upon the attendance so that the discussion did not come off.

The following is clipped from a Doylestown paper:—

Between three and four hundred persons visited the Pennsylvania Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, East Court Street, Doylestown,

Thursday, the annual "Donation Day" of the institution. The event was very successful in every way.

Visitors from Philadelphia, Easton and other distant places, were numerous and there were many from Doylestown and nearby points. Patronage of the supper tables and the booths of fancy articles, cake and candy, was generous, and cash contribution were numerous.

It is estimated that the receipts from the affair will be approximately \$400. Contributions of money amounted to about \$135. The Ladies' Auxiliary, made up of women of the different churches, took in about \$265 from the sale of supper tickets and other things, and in addition there were contributions of food-stuff and other articles valued at a large sum.

Supper tables were very attractive, and a fine hot chicken and hot roast beef supper was served.

Friends of the institution were very generous in every way and the auxiliary members expressed their gratitude.

At this time there are 20 guests in the Home, four men and sixteen women, the full number that can be accommodated.

It was in November, 1903, that the Home was established in the Shellenberger property on East Court Street, one of the show places of the County Seat, and since that time the institution has continued to gain favor. It is maintained by the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, and is supported by voluntary contributions and the proceeds of such affairs as was held Thursday. There are but three other institutions of a like character in America.

Just now the society is directing its efforts toward the accumulation of an endowment fund of \$50,000.

Officers of the Home: President, A. L. E. Crouter; Secretary, J. A. McIlvaine, Jr.; Treasurer, Mr. Airy, Philadelphia; Trustees, Edwin Stanley Thompson; Trustees, A. L. E. Crouter, Rev. F. C. Smileau, William Stuckert, A. McIlvaine, Jr., Rev. C. O. Dantzer, A. J. Manning, John Hart, E. S. Thompson; Executive Committee, William Stuckert, Chairman, J. A. McIlvaine, Jr., A. C. Manning, E. S. Thompson, F. C. Smileau; Finance Committee, John Hart, Chairman, William Stuckert; Committee on Buildings and Grounds, Rev. C. O. Dantzer, Chairman, A. C. Manning, Rev. F. C. Smileau; Ladies' Committee, Mrs. Ellsworth Kochersperger, Chairman, Mrs. Harry Fluok, Vice-Chairman, Mrs. Henry A. Todd, Secretary, Mrs. C. Jefferis, Treasurer, Mrs. George L. Biting, Mrs. A. Harry Clayton, Mrs. A. L. E. Crouter, Mrs. Hugh B. Eastburn, Mrs. B. F. Fackenthall, Miss Mary Miller, Carrie Rouse, Mrs. George T. Sanders, Mrs. Harry J. Shoemaker, Mrs. Peter Siegler, Mrs. William Stuckert, Miss Susan B. Swartzlander, Margaret J. Syle, Mrs. William B. Weiss; Superintendent, John Vandegrift; Matron, Mr. Sarah S. Vandegrift; Physician, Frank B. Swartzlander, M.D.

Mamie Unger, Allentown's girl hobo, who makes a specialty of masquerading in men's clothes, has been arrested for holding up Mary Hilbert, a deaf-mute, and robbing her of \$20.

A Halloween party will be given at All Souls' Parish House next Saturday evening, October 30th. It will be in charge of a committee of ladies, of which Mrs. Geo. T. Sanders is Chairman. New and novel games will be introduced and prizes will be given. An enjoyable evening is anticipated. Admission only ten cents.

Mr. J. A. McIlvaine, Jr., has invested in an Overland machine.

Miss Margaret Magee, of Lewes, Delaware, has returned to Philadelphia. She usually spends the winter months here.

Miss Dorothy Sanders accompanied a girl friend on an auto trip to the Delaware Water Gap, on Thursday, returning the following day.

Rev. C. O. Dantzer left for Washington, D. C., the latter part of last week, to lecture on Saturday evening, and to preach on Sunday morning.

The Philadelphia Local Branch, P. S. A. D., presented a large visitor's Register Book to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf.

Mrs. Elmer E. Scott's father died and was buried last week. She has our sympathy.

The Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf will hold an adjourned meeting at 1538 North Dover Street, on Friday evening, October 29th, 1915.

A moving picture entertainment will be given in aid of the Beth Israel Association of the Deaf, at the Beth Israel Temple, on Thursday evening, October 28th. A silver offering will be asked.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday, 9 A.M. and 3 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday, 3 P.M.

Oct. 31st—St. John's Church, Stamford, Ct., 9:30 A.M. Holy Communion.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 998 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

CANTON BRIEFS.

Mrs. John A. Lynn, of Columbus, Ohio, was the guest of Mrs. Chamberlain for three weeks. They visited the McKinley monument, and also called upon Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Crowley.

Mrs. Blake entertained a number of deaf friends in honor of her sister, Mrs. Edith Biggam, of Columbus, October 16th. Mrs. Biggam was visiting her relatives in Canton during her vacation. She is employed in the State Bindery, in Columbus, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Monnin, of Canton, were visitors in Niles recently with Mr. and Mrs. Reichards, and while there went down to Youstown and called upon Mrs. Feine.

Mrs. Augustus Dunn, of Lisbon, and Mrs. Chamberlain, of Minerva, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Christian Stansberger last week.

Mrs. Thomas Crowley has arranged to go to Wooster, October 23d, and remain with Mr. and Mrs. John Schaffer in their country home until Monday.

A party composed of Mr. and Mrs. McMurray, and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Price spent Sunday at New Berling as guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Stusser, who have a nice home in the country.

Miss Myrtle Miller, who was attending the Columbus School, is now enrolled in the Canton Day School, in charge of Miss Carrie Jones. Miss Miller would like to come back to Columbus, did her mother's health permit.

Messrs. Thomas Crowley and Weekel Moose Schild have resumed work in the Dueser Watch factory recently, having been given a three-weeks' vacation.

The School had as its guest, Mrs. P. L. Richardson of the Texas Institution, Monday and Tuesday, who had come for observation in the educational line. From here she will visit other schools in the East.

Miss Cora Uhl, who was detained at home on account of sickness with opening of school, September 25th, was able to return to her work as assistant to the Girls' C Matron, Saturday, and her many friends here were glad to see her again.

Still they come. The attendance of pupils has reached five hundred and seven. The boys are still in the majority and have filled up the settees on the boys' side of the Chapel.

The State now furnishes the lacteal fluid to the pupils from its farm at Morgan's. Heretofore it has been bought from a milk company. An average of fifty gallons a day is consumed.

The "newly weds" of the school, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Stevens, returned from their honeymoon trip east and the Bahamas Islands, Wednesday, and received congratulations and best wishes from the Institution folks.

When gymnasium practice begins November 1st, the pupils will find the gymnasium looking spick and span, the whole interior having been brightened up with paint from floor to roof.

Miss Edith Biggam, of the State Bindery, returned from her vacation in Canton, Saturday, and reports having had a fine time and that about all the deaf up there have work.

Saturday was an ideal day for an outing in the country, and the members of the Silver Star Club, to the number of twenty-nine, with their escort, the writer, were lucky in their choice of date. The destination was a point about twelve miles northeast from Columbus, near the Home for Deaf. A big hay wagon, drawn by two stalwart equines, conveyed the party up.

The start was made at 8:30 A.M., and on the way up some of the members were quite frisky and did some walking. Opposite a farmhouse, a stand was made and the party scattered in search for nuts, which unfortunately the "early bird" had gathered the major part. However, the orchards in the vicinity looked inviting, and owners raised no objections to the girls taking all they could carry. About one o'clock the crowd squatted around the wagon and did justice to an ample lunch, moistened down with coffee; really there was enough of the edibles for supper, which was partaken of on the way home. After dinner an excursion was made to the woods, and a few nuts found. At three the start for home was made and reached at 5:30 without accident, all tired, to be sure, but happy from the fun the outing had afforded.

The Zanesville High School Football Team came over Saturday morning and contested with our first team. It was a close and exciting contest, ending in a victory for the Zanesville boys, 13 to 12. In the afternoon the second team played with the Maroons of this city, on the school's grounds, and beat them 27 to 0.

Mr. Collins S. Sawhill has been invited by the Detroit, Michigan, deaf

PITTSBURGH

The Pittsburgh Social League is still keen on providing entertainment for its own members and the deaf public in general, and it usually produces the goods. Thus it has arranged interesting programs for its next two meetings, Saturday, October 30th, and November 6th.

On October 30th, the League will have a masquerade, and prizes will be awarded to the best "make ups." Judging by the past, you may expect something original at this spook festival, for competition is always manifest at these frolics—besides, the prizes are an incentive.

On November 6th, the entertainment will consist of games and storytelling. Prizes will be awarded to the winners at euchre, dominoes, checkers, and funny stories. This is quite a variety, so that almost the whole crowd may compete in something. If you want to have a good laugh, you had better go to Washington Hall, Fifth Avenue, where the contests will be dispensed.

The Frats had an informal social, at McGhee Hall, October 15th, and there was quite a crowd present, including ladies and visitors. It was announced that the Pittsburgh Division, No. 36, now had a membership of forty-five and needed the assistance of the ladies, just like all other affairs, if it was to keep on the road to success and usefulness. A Ladies' auxiliary was then discussed and favorably commented on. An auxiliary will probably be organized in the near future. The ladies are to the fore in all things these days.

We have a regular Charlie Chaplin in the person of Mr. William Smith, and he amuses the crowd whenever there is an opportunity, so that those at the above meeting had some laughs free gratis.

The Wolf-Kornblum nuptials were fully detailed, along with photographs of the happy pair, in the Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph of the 23d. From this we gather that Michael has landed a prize and his friends are eager to hand in their congratulations.

Last Sunday, Messrs. Wm. Blessing and Howard Arnold, of Harrisburg, put in an appearance at the Edgewood School and were enjoying their first visit to old Pittsburgh and vicinity. They expressed surprise at the topography of the city and surrounding country. They did not expect to see so many towering hills and expansive rivers. Their stay was too short to see much of our industries and meet the deaf in this city. Better come again and stay longer.

FANWOOD.

Happy days at Fanwood were unrivalled Saturday evening, when one of the year's most successful week-end socials was held in the pupils' spacious reception halls. There still exists that fantastic motion and pleasant memory of the happy event.

Brilliantly illumined, and with the ready attendance of the instruction staff, pleasure was abounding in every little corner of those mystic realms of friendship.

To see the intense enjoyment of the little boys of Company C and their dainty little companions, at hide-and-seek and many other games, was indeed gratifying. The boys had no time for idle dreaming with such a glitter of pastimes, and justly frolicked while the old surveyed.

What we might more justly term as a Cadet Dance, seemed quite evident in the girls' reading room. The good old-fashioned barn-dance and modern waltzes stood practice well. The floor, a gladsome mother-nature, was happy with her laughing pairs who chiefly sought renown by increasing skill.

The social topics of the evening varied in theme from the New York City Suffrage Parade to the doings of the Police department, and 'tis needless to add that many a wit and parable went the rounds.

Among the guests who shared the pupils' enjoyment was Mrs. Elwood Stevenson, who accompanied Prof. Stevenson.

Principal Currier and Professor Bjorles spent last week in Albany, N. Y., attending an educational conference of the University of New York State. The crowning feature of the gathering was the conferring of the degree LL.D., (Doctor of Laws) upon Ex-Senator Root, of New York. Many of the leading educators and presidents of nearly all colleges and universities of New York State were present. The fine quality of the exhibit of the work in the schools of the deaf made a strong impression, and it is hoped that it will bring good results and be recognized by fellow educators.

The headquarters of the Proteans is now open to visitors, who will find it most attracting as an ideal officers' club-room. The latest additions to beautify its walls are two heavy French artillery sabres, which were recently purchased by Cadet Lieutenant Herdtfelder.

The military morning drill, which consists of Butts' Rifle Drill and Company formations, undergo slight changes every year according to the U. S. Army rules. Recent practice drills have been held with strict discipline, as a means of getting the cadets in good form.

Many visitors witnessed the Sunday review of the cadets, with Major Van Tassel as reviewing officer.

The Sunday afternoon chapel service was given by Professor Iles, who used "Impulsion *versus* Compulsion," as the theme of his sermon. He made a forceful attack on the weak and strong points of character. The choir, led by Miss C. Lanz, rendered the hymn "The Pillar of Cloud," in beautiful and graceful styles.

Cadet Band Sergeant Michael Ciavolino is making large drawings that illustrate in black and white the correct positions of the Manual of Arms and sabres. They are to be hung in the Boys' Room in place of those of earlier date.

A letter of greeting from far-off Panama comes from Mr. Benjamin DeCastro, who graduated last June. He is successfully meeting the requirements of life's worldly battle and writes that he is happy in his sunny, rainy, clime.

BASE BALL

Though the last game of the season was announced last week, Manager Margraf reserved decision by ordering a little try-out Friday and booked the team Saturday afternoon with the Klett All Star Nine of New York. Though the weather was far from promising, the game was played in exceedingly lively style.

With both teams tied in the ninth inning, the regulars were forced to summon their best skill and with true knighthood they belted and biffed that poor horsehide till Margraf crossed the plate, winning the game by a margin of 4 to 3. This victory was quite agreeable to the enthusiastic cadet body, who broke loose from their truce and duly celebrated the victory.

Margraf led a series of clever base-running, while Altenderfer stuck to business with the bat, lining out a fine two-bagger, which scored Stokely in the eighth.

Siegel tried his art in the box and was found most satisfactory, if not extraordinary, by sending seventeen of the hearing boys to the kettle.

Scores:—

ALL STARS	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Buster, r.f.	5	1	0	2	1	0
Kelley, c.f.	5	0	0	0	0	1
T. Klett, lb.	5	0	0	2	0	1
Hickey, l.f.	4	1	0	3	1	0
Hay, 3b.	3	0	1	1	2	1
Brandreth, a.s.	4	0	0	2	4	0
Kinsel, 2b.	2	0	0	2	2	0
Hansen, c.	4	0	0	5	0	0
J. Klett, p.	4	1	1	0	3	0
Totals	37	3	4	29	18	5

FANWOOD	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Schnapp, l.f.	5	0	0	1	0	0
Stokely, r.f.	4	1	1	2	0	0
Altenderfer, lb.	4	2	2	6	0	0
Siegel, p.	4	0	0	1	2	0
Margraf, c.f.	4	1	2	2	0	1
Berman, c.	4	0	0	1	17	2
Golden, a.s.	2	0	0	1	0	0
Smith, 2b.	2	0	1	0	1	0
Quinta, 3b.	1	0	0	0	1	1
Tabachnick, 3b.	4	0	0	0	1	1
Totals	36	4	7	30	7	5

*Two out when winning run was scored.

INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
ALL STARS	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	—3
FANWOOD	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	1	—4

Summaries:—Earned runs—All Stars, 0; Fanwood, 2. Left on bases—All Stars, 7; Fanwood, 8. Two-base hit—Altenderfer. Sacrifice hits—Selgel, Margraf, Hay. Stolen bases—M. Schnapp, Margraf, 3. Double plays—Buster to T. Klett. Brandreth to Kinsel to T. Klett. Bases on balls—off J. Klett, 2; off Siegel, 2. Struck out—By J. Klett, 5; by Siegel, 17. Hit by pitcher—By J. Klett, (Altenderfer). Umpire—Cadet E. Rader. Time of game—One hour and thirty minutes. Scorer—Cadet H. Krishinsky.

With the cold chill that has struck Fanwood winter preparations in the sporting line necessitate abandoning the heavy uniforms for a more light apparel suitable for basket-ball. Therefore new suits have been ordered, and several of the teams have been organized and start training by the end of the week. The senior team has much of the old form, weakened only by the graduation of two of her experienced men. Suitable substitutes have been assigned temporarily and further announcements will depend on the progress. Several other Junior teams have been formed.

GALLAUDET HOME.

Nothing of any unusual importance has happened here during the past few months. A few of the residents have been on the sick list, but at present all are well and happy.

Mr. P. Clarke, who came here to live five years ago, and who is now in his eighty-third year, has fallen into a kind of infant imbecility and so infirm he has to remain in his room. Hugh Miner finds pleasure in taking his meals to him and attending to all he wants, so the good old man, who worked as a book-binder in the city of New York for about half a century, is cheerful and happy. His brother lived here for about fifteen years and died here about seven years ago.

Rev. Keiser, Rev. Chamberlain and Mr. Mann have been here to preach, in turns, and on one occasion, Mr. A. A. Barnes came up and officiated in the chapel. He gave a glowing account of the career of Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, the great friend and benefactor of the deaf, and related in a very interesting way how St. Ann's Church for the Deaf came to be founded. Mr. Barnes is a gentleman of considerable learning, and was a pupil of old Fanwood in the old days when it was located down at Fiftieth Street. He was also once a teacher at Fanwood. Although he is nearly an octogenarian he is still quite young in appearance.

Rev. Chamberlain was here last on October 10th. On that occasion he preached in the chapel in the morning, and in the afternoon went to Newburgh, where he usually goes to preach to a small congregation of deaf-mutes living there. He made known the fact that Rev. Keiser's two daughters were sick with the whooping cough.

Eugene Libe, a deaf-mute, who was transferred to the Rome, N. Y., Institution, from the New York Institution, in the Autumn of 1907, showed up at the Home one afternoon in the middle of September, and said he was looking for a job. He was well dressed, but had no money. Some time ago it was reported in the column of this newspaper that the man Libe, who is now twenty-three years of age, was down in West Virginia with his mother. How he came to come up here from Virginia, if he was really there, is a puzzle.

Kenneth Steinrich, the sixteen year old son of Mrs. Steinrich, who was formerly Miss Alice Pease, once a tutress of Fanwood, was here for a day to see James H. Caton recently. Kenneth is too big for his age, being five feet nine inches tall.

When he got up early some weeks ago Janitor Murphy was surprised to see four or five deer back of the house. Where they had come from no one knew. While he was at New Hamburg one day, on his way Wappinger's Falls, Mr. Murphy saw a submarine boat. We are sure it was not a German submarine.

The waitress, Miss Mary Rogan, who is blessed with extraordinary patience, had a week's vacation early on September and enjoyed it exceedingly. She lives at Beacon, N. Y.

Mrs. Knapp, who was here as chambermaid for a month or so before the Home was consumed by fire, in the winter of 1903, is here again.

Mr. and Mrs. William Patterson, who came here to live on May 30th, 1914, left here for Springfield, Mass., on the morning of the twenty-eight, of last August, to visit their daughter, Minnie, and brother-in-law. They remained away until the 7th of October. They say they had a delightful time, and if they live, they may visit Springfield again next year.

Early in the spring janitor Murphy planted some morning glories close up against the wall of the front of the stable, near the

house. The vines are now a dozen feet high and if they continue to grow next year their foliage may cover the facade of the building.

Their presence is pleasing to the eye. Mrs. Sarah Angerli, the daughter of Mrs. Skinkle, a resident here, came all the way from Boston, Mass., to see and remain with her mother for a couple of days, late in September. She comes every year. She is known hereabouts as the "Boston Lady."

Miss Barbara Johnston, the assistant matron, a lady who is much interested in the welfare of the deaf, and quite a scholar, took her two weeks' vacation early in September. It was not known whether she had gone until some cards were received from her whose illustrations represented scenes within a radius of about fifty miles of the city of New York. Although this lady who has been living here for the past seven years, was born and bred in Wappinger's Falls and has lived within its vicinity all her life, knows the city of New York from center to circumference. It being such an interesting place she visits it nearly every year. The last place she visited this year to see a friend of hers, was perhaps the New York Institution, commonly as "Fanwood." She was there for but an hour. She was so much impressed with the location and beautiful surroundings of the school that she is determined to visit it again some day. Indeed, Fanwood is located in one of the most charming and picturesque parts of the great metropolis of America. It stands on a small tableland overlooking the Hudson River and is about a hundred and fifty feet above it. The river, where it stands, is about a mile wide. In a diagonal line across the river, on the New Jersey side are the famous Palisades of the Hudson, which rise almost perpendicularly from the water's edge hundreds of feet above the river. They are in plain view. The river bank in front of Fanwood is very steep and none of the streets run down to the shore. At the foot of a hill runs the freight section of the New York Central & Hudson River Railway. All the traffic on both river and railway are in plain view.

The school is bounded on the north by One Hundred and Sixty-Fifth Street, on the east by Fort Washington Road, a fine broad highway, on the west by Riverside Drive or the Western Boulevard, the most magnificent thoroughfare in the world, and on the south by One Hundred and Sixty-third Street which is not yet open. Only a stone's throw from the south side of the school or academic building is a hill as high as the building itself. Its sides are very rocky and rugged and covered with trees so close together that it presents a dark and gloomy picture, and somewhat resembles an Indian jungle. When One Hundred and Sixty-third Street is opened, I suppose this hill will vanish. Considerable blasting will have to be undergone, and old Fanwood's buildings will no doubt be thoroughly shaken as the work goes on. For the past forty years or more, from time to time, rock blasting has been going on at different distances from the school, and its buildings have suffered slightly from the vibrations caused by the explosions. Some of the scenes or places around Fanwood are as interesting as Fanwood herself.

A ten minutes walk on toward Amsterdam Avenue brings you to High Bridge and High Bridge Park, which is one of the most charming, picturesque and interesting spots on Manhattan Island. The bridge, a massive granite structure of nine or ten lofty arches was built some eighty years ago for the conveyance of the Croton aqueduct across the Harlem River Valley. The pipes are three in number and run under the brick floor of the bridge. The bridge is about three hundred feet below the level of Admetderam Avenue and is reached by a long stairway. It is about twenty feet wide and a hundred and eight feet high.

The banks on either side are very steep. Horses and vehicles cannot cross this bridge. Only pedestrians cross it. On the other side you can reach the roadway beneath the structure by a massive and costly zig-zag stairway built some thirty years ago. The Harlem River at this point is but a hundred and fifty feet wide. It unites the Hudson River with Long Island Sound and is only large enough for small barges and motor boats. About five hundred feet north of High Bridge is Washington Bridge, which crosses the river by a single graceful arch. The outgoing trains of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad run under those bridges.

Those great bridges and their surroundings are favorite haunts for thousands of citizens during the summer months. The famous New York Speedway runs beneath those structures. Just a mile south of High Bridge is the One Hundred and Fifth Street Viaduct for to carry the street over the low lying section of Washington Heights from the point where the Speedway terminates to Seventh Avenue, near the Harlem River. It is over a hundred feet above the streets, but gradually slopes as it nears Seventh Avenue. It is for vehicles and pedestrians and has a trolley line across

at which crosses the Harlem on massive steel drawbridge and unites with the Jerome Avenue line.

This trolley line runs up as far as Amsterdam Avenue, but it will be if it is not already run down as far as Broadway, where people leaving the Subway Station at One Hundred and Fifty-Seventh Street and Broadway may, if they want to, take a car, only two blocks from the station and go to most any part of that section of the city, known as the Bronx District on the other side of the Harlem. Midway between the entrance to the viaduct, on the Heights and Seventh Avenue, is the Eighth Avenue Elevated Railway Station. It is twenty feet below the viaduct and is reached on either side by a broad shed-roofed stairway.

The street is also reached by the same stairway. Right by this station is the famous New York Polo Grounds. The land here was once a swamp and mostly covered with water, but now it is solid ground and covered with well paved streets and substantial dwellings. At the entrance to the viaduct is a very long stairway running down to the lowland.

About five minutes walk eastward of Fanwood brings you to the old Jumel Mansion, in which it is said General Washington once had his headquarters. It is now a museum and is quite surrounded by buildings.

There are other places not far from Fanwood quite as interesting as some of those already described, but it is needless to mention them all here. The two nearest subway stations to the school are at One Hundred and Fifty-Seventh Street and One Hundred and Sixty-Eighth Street. The former station is two short flights of stairway below the ground while the latter is one hundred and twenty feet below the level of the street. Here people are taken down to the station in huge elevators which are kept running night and day. There is a stairway leading down to this subterranean station, but few people care to ascend or descend it. Those two stations are equally distant from Fanwood. When Miss Johnston visits Fanwood again, if she ever does, we hope she may also have an opportunity to visit the interesting places here described.

The district known as Washington Heights is rapidly becoming thickly populated. New buildings are constantly springing up and some of them are the finest in the city.

The matron, Mrs. Jones, visited the New York Public Library recently, and during her short visit made the acquaintance of Miss Goldwaite, who is Librarian in the blind department, and told her it was a source of pleasure for the blind here to receive such books as she sent them. The matron will soon take her annual vacation. Where she will spend it no one will know until she sends cards bearing picture of the places she visit, which is an old custom of hers.

Mr. J. H. Caton was in Poughkeepsie for a few days, visiting his friends, the Tuckers, early in September.

There were plenty of apples and pears on the trees around the house this year, but as the trees were neglected, the birds and insects spoiled much of the fruit. The Italians who work in the quarry near here robbed the pear trees of the greater part of their fruit. They do this every year. They know how to steal as well as to beg.

Mrs. Lewis, of Yonkers, who is the sister of Miss Elizabeth Nelson, came up here with Miss Putnam and Elizabeth a few weeks ago, and all remained here for a couple of days.

Some time ago Janitor Murphy went to Poughkeepsie with William Conzelman, to get some plums growing in the yard of Miss Eliza Nelson's mansion. They brought home some several bushels. Miss Nelson rents the mansion to a prominent physician of Poughkeepsie.

Once or twice during the year the gasoline which is used for lighting the house goes on the rampage or won't run through the system of pipes, and when such incident occurs the Home is thrown to darkness. On such occasions candles are brought into play, but all who cares nothing for candle lights jump into bed and have a good long night's repose. It is hoped the time will soon come when the Home will be illuminated by electric lights. On such occasions, the blind, who need no light, of course, enjoy reading their raised letter books.

The glass partition which shuts the long piazza off from a space within between the piazza and the reception room was put up the other day, and now the rooms are warmer.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.

Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader. Miss Clara L. Steidemann, Sunday School Teacher and Social Helper.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M. Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M. Weekday social and literary meetings on first and third Fridays, at 8 P.M. Other services and meetings by special appointment.

The deaf cordially invited. Minister's address: 2606 Virginia Avenue.

NOTICE.

ADJOURNED BOARD MEETING
P. S. A. D.

To the Managers of the P. S. A. D.—

You are hereby notified that the stated meeting of the Board of Managers, of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf (adjourned from August 14th to October 29th, 1915), will be held at the residence of President Reider, 1538 N. Dover Street, Phila., Pa., on Friday evening, October 29th, 1915, at 8:30 o'clock, for the purpose of taking action on the several resolutions passed at the Annual Meeting of the Society, held in Gettysburg, Pa., August 13th and 14th, 1915. (A copy of the said resolutions will be found below); electing a new Trustee of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, at Doylestown, Pa., to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hugh B. Eastburn, Esq.; and for the transaction of such further business as may properly come before the Board. Your presence is respectfully requested.

By order of the President.

R. MIDDLETON ZIEGLER,
Secretary.

October 22d, 1915.

Resolved, That the Board of Managers be requested to appoint a Special Committee to investigate the labor conditions of the deaf of Pennsylvania, especially recent labor laws, both State and National, to ascertain their effect on the welfare of the deaf, and report its findings to the next Convention.

Resolved, That the Board of Managers be instructed to continue considering the expediency of holding biennial meetings of the Society, and report any recommendation it shall see fit to make on the subject.

Resolved, That the Board of Managers be requested to continue in office the Committee to Petition the Legislature for County Aid, with authority to take any action that will be for the best interests of the Home and the Society.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf in the Southern States, Illinois and Indiana.

J. W. MICHAELS, MINISTER IN CHARGE.

Services for the Deaf of all Denominations. Will answer all calls. Address all mail to
Box 98, FORT SMITH, ARK.

EIGHTH ANNUAL

Mask and Civic Ball

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Brooklyn Div., No. 23
N. F. S. D.

AT

Imperial Hall 360 Fulton St.

One block above Borough Hall, Brooklyn.

Saturday Eve., Feb. 5, 1916

ARRANGEMENTS COMMITTEE

Jas. F. Constantin, Chairman
Allen Hitchcock, Secretary
J. Kelber, Jr., Treasurer
Erich M. Berg
L. Frey
J. Alexander
F. W. Meinken
J. Bohlmann, Jr.
Jos. F. Graham

MUSIC BY OUR FAVORITE

Tickets (INCLUDING WARDROBE) 50 cts.

There will be many handsome prizes, awarded for the prettiest and unique costumes.

DIRECTIONS TO HALL

Imperial Hall is one of the finest in Brooklyn, and is easily accessible from all points of Brooklyn and New York. It can be reached by way of the Brooklyn subway express, etc. Get out at Borough Hall. All surface and "L" Trains within easy distance of the Hall.

Want a good time? Come to

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

under the auspices of the

Lutheran Guild of Deaf

AT

ST. MARK'S PARISH ROOM

Bushwick Ave., cor. Jefferson St.

ON

Saturday Eve, October 30th.

AT 8 P.M.

Admission, 25 Cents

(Including refreshments)

Directions—From Brooklyn Bridge or Williamsburg Bridge, Elevated car, get off at Broadway and Myrtle Avenue and walk one block to Bushwick Avenue.

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE—A. D. Downs (Chairman), Misses Prims, Anna and Carrie Lindenschmidt and Messrs. Heil, Borgstrand and A. Berg.

ENTERTAINMENT

AND

CAKE SALE

Under the Auspices of the

WOMAN'S PARISH AID SOCIETY

ON

Saturday, December 11, 1915

[Particulars later]

ENTERTAINMENT AND CIVICITY BALL

OF

The Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf

ALHAMBRA HALL

SEVENTH AVENUE, CORNER 126TH STREET

Saturday Eve, Jan. 22, 1916

FULL PARTICULARS LATER.

LEE, HIGGINSON & CO.

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

Tax exempt in New York State.

\$1,250,000.

BUFFALO GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

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Public Service Commission of New York has approved this issue.

Mortgage covers all properties and franchises now owned or hereafter acquired, including Cataract Power & Conduit Company to be merged.

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Capital stock \$4,426,000. Continuous dividends ranging from 5% to 6% per year have been paid since 1900; present rate 6%.

The company serves Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Total population about 500,000.

We recommend this issue as unusually attractive.

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NEW YORK CITY

SPECIAL FEATURE ON

New Year Eve

DON'T FAIL TO ATTEND THE

FIFTH ANNUAL

Dance and Ball

GIVEN BY

The Silent Athletic Club

of Chicago

AT THE

Colonial Ball Room

22 W. Randolph Street

Friday Evening, Dec. 31, 1915

Entree at 8 P.M. Music by Looney

Admission 25 Cents from Members

At Door 35 Cents